

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 100 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

## Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you say—Be that!"  
"Whatever you say—Be that!"  
Straightforwardly act.  
Be honest in fact.  
Be honest in fact.  
Be honest in fact.

## POETRY.

## The Penalty of Reputation.

I guess I'll run away from here an' sail across the sea,  
For no one else seems to care a bit for me;  
I want to be a pirate or a cowboy on the plains,  
Or p'haps I'll be a handit an' I'll hold up railway trains.  
I'm sick of runnin' errands an' a-doin' of the chores,  
I'm sick of wipin' off my feet an' closin' open doors.  
I'm sick of everything there is, but what makes me feel blue,  
Today I got a lickin' for a thing I didn't do.

It's pretty tough to be a boy that's got an awful name,  
For doin' tricks, coz then it seems you allus get the blame.  
Beccos I've broken windows, an' beccos I've broken windows,  
An' beccos I threw a snowball once at Deacon Wilson's plug hat,  
Whenever anything goes wrong they allus look for me.  
I guess they think no other boy can climb an apple tree,  
An' steal the fruit, an' so it seems most every day for me.  
I have to take a lickin' for things I didn't do.

There's Stubby Green, as bad as me; he stoned a peddler's horse,  
An' when he ran away they came an' looked for me;  
An' when somebody wheeled away Grandma Perkins' dog,  
"That's one of Dicky Watson's tricks," was what the neighbors said.  
An' when somebody wheeled away Brown's baby cab an' hid it,  
"There's nothin' to it," they declared, "Dicky Watson did it."  
It's "Dicky Watson" all the time, as though they allus knew—  
Today I got a lickin' for a thing I didn't do.

I ain't complainin'; after all, maybe it's just as well,  
I'd rather take a lickin' than on other fellows tell.  
But, just the same, I wish I'd get awful sick some day,  
And have to lie up there in bed an' not get out.  
Then maybe something would be done an' maybe they would see  
That there are other boys around that are as bad as me.  
Then maybe they'd promise, too, that they'd never, never lick me for the things I didn't do.

—Detroit Free Press.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

We are all asked to love and protect the birds, and Uncle Jed hopes every Wide-Awake will do all that can be done to shield the birds we have from harm.

We are told domestic cats kill millions of them every year, and they doubtless kill millions of chickens, too; but we know one boy with a gun can kill more song birds in one afternoon than a domestic cat can kill in a whole season.

It is the nature of cats, as it is of hawks and shrikes, to kill birds, and the cats are least skilful at it. Uncle Jed does not believe his cats have averaged killing three birds in a season for the past ten years. They get a small reward for their constant watchfulness.

It is not surprising that the song birds are decreasing at the rate of ten in a hundred. In several states of the union there is no law for their protection, and robins and bobolinks are popular for birdpie in many parts of the south.

It is because the birds are decreasing that insect pests are increasing, and in throwing poison to destroy insects thousands of birds are unintentionally destroyed.

For more than a century in New England every fall there were competing hunting parties in many towns who spent one day in the year killing everything that wore fur or feathers they came across, and the party who killed most creatures by actual count was given a supper at the expense of those who lost, and "the game" was usually brought home in an oar cart. This old-fashioned sport (?) in New England counts for the disappearance of uncounted millions of useful birds, and

to this habit may be charged the early declination of the song birds of New England.

The office of the birds is to keep the earth healthy and pest free, and most of them are friends of man—his helpers in a hundred ways. It is said that without the birds man could not live on the earth.

So you see we should feed our cats well and watch them; and, also, if we know where the nests be, see that the crows or the squirrels or the black snakes do not get to them and suck the eggs.

The birds have a great many natural enemies and in the past man in his ignorance has been the greatest slayer of these useful creatures.

We hope the endeavor to protect the birds and to help them to increase will succeed, and that all of the Wide-Awakes will do their part.

## THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Violet F. Disco, of Norwich, Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.

2—Annie Anderson of Norwich, The Bobby Twins at School.

3—Clarissa Chapman of Yantic, The Battleship Boys at Sea.

4—Lillian Murphy of Norwich, The Saddle Boys on the Plains.

5—Anna Resnick of Bozrahville, The Bobby Twins at the Seashore.

6—Janie Lambert of Norwich Town, Bobby Twins in a Houseboat.

7—Carris Gelo of Yantic, Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.

8—John Andrew of Taftville, Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.

The winners of books lying in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mildred E. White, of Stafford Springs: Received the pretty prize book. Thank you very much.

John A. Burns of Yantic: I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I like it very much.

Doris M. Amidon of East Willington: Many thanks for The Automobile Girls Along the Hudson. I am sure it will prove interesting.

Mildred Grandy of Yantic: I thank you very much for the two Camp Fire Girls' books. I find that I like them very much, as do all my friends.

Madelyn Sullivan of Norwich: I thank you very much for the lovely prize book you gave me. The name was Madge Morton's Victory. I have read it through and find it very interesting.

Frank H. Kowats of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the prize book The Motor Boat Club Off Long Island. I read it and it found it very interesting.

Martin Delinsky of Bozrahville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I am half through with it and find it very interesting.

John B. Purcell of Colchester: I received the nice prize book you sent me entitled Uncle Sam's Boys on Field Duty. I have read it through and find it very interesting.

YETTA BORNICK, Age 13, Bozrahville.

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

## Value of Kindness to Birds.

Of late years more care has been taken of our birds.

Although many people think birds are useless, and sometimes go so far as to kill them, they are greatly mistaken and are doing wrong, as birds are of great value to us.

Many bird farmers in driving away insects from their gardens. They also bring joy to many people as songsters.

We know it is spring when we see the robins and many other birds which have returned from the south.

It is therefore the people's duty to take care of birds, by seeing that they are not molested by children, and not shot down by hunters who are seeking pleasure.

Be kind to birds, and they will repay you in their own helpful way.

YETTA BORNICK, Age 13, Bozrahville.

## Picking Berries.

It was a very beautiful day in June. So some of my friends and I went picking strawberries.

We went into a nearby lot where the berries were picked together in certain spots, and surrounded by bachelors and old women. An auctioneer then puts up several at a time, usually beginning with the handsomest and most agreeable of the women. There was a great deal of money made in this way.

While we were sitting there we heard a rustle in the bushes. Looking around we beheld a huge snake starting at us. We all sprang up and seized sticks.

When the snake saw us do this it tried to run away, but it was too late, for the boys were already beating him to death.

After that we didn't feel like picking any more berries in that place, so we went home and told the story about the snake.

HARRY LEVI, Age 12, Bozrahville.

## The Best Time I Ever Had.

One day in summer (1915) my cousin Emily came from Bridgeport to visit my parents. When it came Sunday she invited me to go home with her and stay a week.

I at once got my clothes ready and

we started on the last train to Bridgeport, where we arrived at 3.30 p. m. My cousins were there to meet us. Then we took the trolley cars for home. When we got to the house my cousin Hattie got lunch for us.

Another girl who was visiting there and I retired.

In the morning Sophie showed me the hens. When it was 11.30 a. m. Sophie and I went down to meet my Cousin Emily coming from work. We ate dinner and then we did the dishes.

In the afternoon we all went to Fairville Beach bathing. We had a fine time. When we got home Hattie got supper. In the evening we all went to the carnival.

The next afternoon we went to Seaside park bathing.

Wednesday afternoon we went down street.

Thursday we had visitors. At night we played pit.

The next afternoon we went visiting, and Saturday afternoon my cousins and I went to Seaside beach.

We saw many animals, merry-go-rounds, the races, old rats and the moving pictures.

One day it rained, so we had to stay in the house.

Monday I came home. I think this was the best time I ever had, and I hope to go again next summer.

VERA OLIN, Age 11, Mansfield Center.

## Our Sewing Club.

In March our agriculture teacher came around and asked us how many of us would like to belong to a sewing club.

Eight of us girls dared not say anything, but that same evening when we came home we asked our mothers and there it was! We could belong to the sewing club and they said "Yes."

So we went that day and set to work making a holder seven by seven inches. The teacher brought them to school.

The teacher looked at them and said they were very good, and so we sewed and sewed till our holders were done, and then began to do our school work.

When the agriculture teacher came around again he brought Miss Stella Sprague with him and she told us we were doing very well in the work and to be sure to keep an accurate account of it in a notebook.

I think it is a very interesting thing for girls, and I hope that the children of the Wide-Awakes will join.

CARRIE GELO, Lebanon.

## Emil and the Sugar.

Little Emil was very fond of sweets. One day Emil was in the kitchen when the grocer's boy brought in a basket of packages. Emil saw a box of sugar and a wooden box with fine sugar and set it away in the pantry.

"Give me some sugar, please, mother," he said.

"No," said his mother. "I am going to put a stop to your eating so much sweets. It is not good for you. I will give you a piece of bread and butter."

"I don't want bread and butter," said Emil, feeling very cross indeed.

"I will give you a piece of bread and butter," said his mother, going out of the kitchen.

Emil stepped softly into the pantry and raised the lid of the sugar box.

How nice and white the sugar looked! He thought Emil. So he seized a handful of sugar and crowded it into his mouth. Just as he had finished eating it he heard his mother's voice in the hall. He ran out of the pantry as she came in.

"What you been at that sugar, Emil?" she asked.

Emil was frightened. He found he would be punished if he told the truth; so he told a story.

"I was just looking at it," he said. "I didn't take a bit."

His mother did not say anything. She took the sugar and led him into the pantry. Emil looked in and saw that the whole front of his navy blue flannel suit was covered with fine sugar. He began to cry.

"You see, your waist told on you," said his mother. "You ought to be punished, but I will tell you a story instead. I don't want you to eat too much of a falsehood before, and I hope you never will again."

Then she drew Emil to her knee and told him the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. She asked him if he would not try to be as good and truthful as George.

Emil cried harder than ever then, and promised that he would never tell another falsehood, and I don't think he ever did.

EMILIE M. THUMM, Age 9, Norwich.

## Ancient Marriage Customs.

In ancient times the custom was to purchase the bride from her father, and friends without allowing her to have a choice in the matter at all.

Turkey and Persia this custom still remains.

In some places, once a year, the young marriageable women were collected together in certain spots, and surrounded by bachelors and old women. An auctioneer then puts up several at a time, usually beginning with the handsomest and most agreeable of the women. There was a great deal of money made in this way.

While the girls were sitting there they heard a rustle in the bushes. Looking around they beheld a huge snake starting at them. They all sprang up and seized sticks.

When the snake saw us do this it tried to run away, but it was too late, for the boys were already beating him to death.

After that we didn't feel like picking any more berries in that place, so we went home and told the story about the snake.

HARRY LEVI, Age 12, Bozrahville.

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VERA OLIN, Age 11, Mansfield Center.

## A Picnic in the Woods.

Last summer two girls, my sister and I went on a picnic in the woods, which are not very far from my house.

After having our breakfast we packed our baskets full of lunch and started off. It was a half mile to the woods so we walked slowly.

We at last came to the woods. It was nice and shady there so we laid down our baskets and rested for a while.

One of the girls said she was thirsty so we all agreed to take our drinking cups and go after water.

I saw where there were wells just outside the wood so we went to the well and got some water. After traveling back to the woods we laid out our food on a large flat rock and ate our dinner. After dinner we went looking for wild flowers.

We found quite a few flowers, among which were pink, wild geraniums, birds' foot violets and dog-woods. We used them to eat. I live in a house where we used to eat. I received many letters. When I came there I asked the janitor if we could use the garden. He gave me a postal card from my uncle.

I soon went home and met mother, so I handed her the card. Mother was very glad to see me. Two brothers were coming to visit us. Mother soon went into the house and got everything ready.

My uncle soon arrived. They were very glad to see us all.

Sister and brother were asleep because it was very late for them to be up.

Mother had not seen her brothers for about ten years. When she saw them she cried for joy.

The dates are used to eat the water. They arrived in America.

They brought many curious things for my sister, brother and me.

My uncle and brother stayed over night and how they amused themselves during the trip.

ANNA RESNICK, Age 13, Bozrahville.

## Arabs.

The Arabs live in Arabia. They have dark skin and black eyes. Some people live in towns and some live on the desert. The people who live in a town have houses made of stone with flat mud roofs. The people who live on the desert have tents which can be moved from place to place to get food for the cattle.

The Arabs use camels to cross the desert.

They are very fond of horses. They eat all kinds of fruits. They use every bit of the date-palm.

The date palm is used for many things for houses, and the fiber for rope. They wear long gowns tied around the waist.

In Arabia the boys go to school and study out of one book called the "Koran," which they use as a bible.

ANNA RESNICK, Age 13, Bozrahville.

## A Day at School.

Now that the warm spring and summer months are coming we go out every afternoon. For this afternoon's trip we choose to visit a school.

As it is not very far from where we live, we can go and see the school and get there a little before it is time for school to open.

We are only there a few minutes when the school bell rings and the children come marching up the stairs. They come in school and are ready to work.

The first thing they do is to recite to each other the poems they start right in to work.

This teacher that I am talking about has four grades, the sixth, seventh and eighth. The children are all busy working until half past seven, then the children are dismissed.

We then go around the rooms looking at the papers, and the neat work that the children do. We see the drawing papers, spelling, and the drawing papers.

We stay with the teachers and talk about the papers and the different things we see in the room.

Then the other teachers take the trolley and go home.

The school is very nice in this village. The rooms are all furnished with comfortable desks and are all decorated with pictures.

The school looks very neat indeed to me; but, as time flies quickly, we must go to the school for our short trip home.

JANIE LAMBERT, Norwich Town.

## LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

## The Old House.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a house where I was Sunday. I was walking on the road when I saw a path leading through the woods and followed it till I reached an old-fashioned house with two gigantic elm trees in front and back of the house were a few small windows one of which I climbed through. There was plenty of furniture, but it was old and dilapidated. There was also a rude fireplace. I went up into the attic and it was full of old furniture, but when I went in the other corner there stood an old spinning wheel with a little stool beside it.

At last I heard someone coming so I jumped out of the window, running as fast as I could so till I was a long distance away.

STAFFORD SPRINGS.

## A New Friend.

Dear Uncle Jed: I went out for a walk last Saturday early in the morning and I had a very interesting time. I had a new friend, a chipmunk, and he was very pretty.

Before I had gone far I knew by my strange surroundings that I was lost. At last I came to an old fashioned, weather-beaten house with low porches and a large chimney. There were two gigantic maple trees in front of the house which made the place look very beautiful and home like. I went up to the door to inquire my way. A kind-hearted old lady with silver hair and blue eyes met me there. She told me the way and I was surprised to find out how far off the road I was.

She asked me to stay awhile and

rest. Inside the house were many quaint things which interested me. There was a large open fireplace with brass andirons and tongs, and also many old dishes.

When I had looked at the things I started home after promising the pleasant old lady to visit her again.

MARY A. BURNELL, Age 14, Stafford Springs.

## Ragdoll Prudence.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a small girl whose name was Prudence. One day she went to school to learn to knit. She wanted to play with another girl, but she could not go, so she stood up and stuck her needle into a girl's ear.

The next day this girl came to school with a sore. The teacher put it in Prudence's mouth. Prudence cried out. The teacher whipped the girl, and she did not do so again.

The next day Prudence went to her aunt's. She went upstairs and pulled open all the boxes. She found some ink and she spilled it on her sister's dress. Her sister had to go home.

Another time Prudence went fishing. She stepped on a log and fell in. Her aunt got there just in time to save her. Surely her name should have been Ragdoll.

We have three more. One of them is my brother's. His name is Ragdoll.

Will not some Wide-Awake suggest two names? One girl suggested three names before when I asked. I hope that she will again.

MILDRED GRANDY, Age 16, Yantic.

## The Battleship America.

Dear Uncle Jed: One morning in school about two weeks ago our teacher read us a letter which she received from a boy named "Bird" of the Boston Record, asking the children of my grade for contributions towards a very large battleship which was to be called "America."

Each child giving ten cents or more would receive a button with the picture of the battleship and the letters, "U. S. America."

He also enclosed a copy of Marjorie Sterrett's letters which the teacher read to us, and we enjoyed them very much. Marjorie is the little girl who first thought it would be nice for the children of the United States to help build a warship. That was what she read.

The ship will cost ten million dollars.

All the children of my grade were glad to give ten cents apiece.

The teacher sent the money to Mr. Bird, and soon after we received the buttons.

We all felt very proud that we were helping to build this ship, which I hope I may someday see.

LILLIAN MURPHY, Age 10, Norwich.

## The Beautiful Season of the Year.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the most beautiful season in the year when every shrub and tree is putting forth leaves.

How you Wide-Awakes ever noticed the different shape of leaves on the trees? The oaks. There are several different kinds of oaks and every oak has a different shaped leaf.

When we take up the study of the oak, we shall find they have the greatest variation in size and shape. There are several types and in each case will be noticed the deeply cut lobes.

It is interesting to notice the difference between the oak and the maple. In the oak each lobe has what appears to be a mid-rib. These mid-ribs are joined to the main rib of the leaf at intervals along the length, while the maple does not. There is a chestnut oak that has a leaf closely resembling that of the chestnut tree. The chestnut tree has a very hard to distinguish one tree from the other.

Of all trees the maple bears the most beautiful foliage turning to the most brilliant reds and yellows in the fall.

Like to look for the different kinds and shapes of leaves when I am out for a walk through the woods.